

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Denmark is ready for war. The whereabouts of her fleet is not mentioned.

It will require several years for Colombia to make a thorough job of kicking itself.

You don't hear much from Galveston these days. This means that Galveston is too busy to talk.

Some war correspondents are wonders when it comes to predicting a battle after it has happened.

Japan has attracted the favorable notice of Kentucky by paying an American whisky claim of \$115,000.

Don Jaime, the Spanish pretender, has joined the Russians; that was better luck than the Japanese had hoped for.

A London journal has prepared what appears to be a trustworthy list of the ten least bad novels published in 1903.

A Princeton professor has discovered a new chemical combination which he calls trisulphoxyarsenic. It looks dangerous.

It makes a woman furious to have her husband treasure an old pipe as if it were the first pair of shoes the baby ever wore.

Prof. Loeb has created a new species of sea animal, but unfortunately it will not take the place of the disappearing lobster.

A Toledo contemporary speaks of a woman as the heroine of three divorces. They have a queer idea of heroism in Toledo.

A lady once asked a librarian for a copy of "The Whole Duty of Man." She said she had a husband who certainly ought to read it.

The senators of the United States are evidently pleased with their new chaplain. They have raised his salary from \$900 to \$1,000 a year.

It is hard to tell which is in greater demand, the Georgia girl or the Georgia peach. It is a question of peaches, though, either way you take it.

Some German scientist claims to have discovered a way to make ordinary water burn like kerosene. Only a very smart man can set a river on fire.

Mr. Schwab is reported to have broken the bank at Monte Carlo. Mr. Schwab sometimes gives the intended victim a fair chance to get the money.

The Connecticut farmer who is boasting of having bones of steel need not get so gay about it. All the girls have had them ever since whalebone became scarce.

Secretary Taft says there is a fine chance for young men to make fortunes in the Philippines. Go to the far East, young man, and grow up with the islands.

The city of Boston will spend \$2,624,748 for her public schools this year. That is one of the reasons why Boston maintains her reputation as the home of culture.

A woman on her way to church in New York was struck by an automobile and instantly killed. This will furnish some other people with a good excuse for staying at home.

Radium has been reduced in price from \$5,000,000 a pound to \$2,500,000 a pound. Possibly, it may be procured at even a more reasonable price than that if taken in ton lots.

A Philadelphia waiter who inherited a million dollars a few years ago is working right along as if nothing had happened. What is a mere million to a waiter who has a good "tip" route?

A Chicago professor has the petrified form of a fish sixteen feet long. It will be recognized at once by many truthful anglers as the one that got away when they were about to haul it into the boat.

King Edward had a fall the other day and scraped his shin, but considering that it enabled him to get his name in the papers in spite of the press of war news perhaps he does not regret the accident.

The girls at a Massachusetts college slid down hill on dustpans recently, and the faculty is wondering what to do about it. One would think the sensible remedy would be to invest in a lot of sleds and toboggans.

The five frogs that were found alive by a Connecticut taxidermist in the crop of a loon that he had shot, and that hopped off gaily when they were released, must have felt more or less the way Jonah did when he quit the whale.

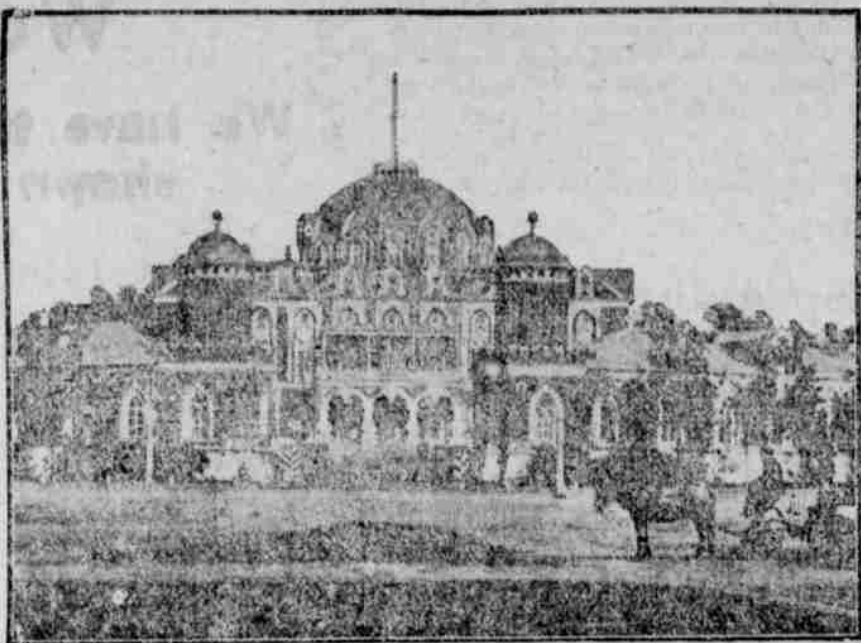
Arizona and New Mexico, which congress is willing to admit to statehood only as one state, are still protesting that they hate and despise each other. They may as well get married, however, and then fight it out like other couples.

IN RUSSIA'S CAPITAL

SCENES ON THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Costumes of All Descriptions to Be Seen on Every Hand—Church Pervades All Life in the Great City—Priceless Treasures on Public View.

(Special Correspondence.) Your first surprise when you meet Russia's "Window toward Europe," as Peter the Great called his new city of St. Petersburg, is to see the glitter in it. The turnip-shaped towers rising above the other buildings of the flat, wide town on the Neva shine with gold, burnished as no gilding of ours ever is, and you suddenly realize that you are facing something which is different not only from anything in America, but from anything in the



Palace of Russian Nobles.

lands of our kindred across the Atlantic.

The people in St. Petersburg seem to move quickly, like the carriages, and no sort of costume occasions an instant's wonder in any one; priests with long hair and robes, monks with black veils hanging at the back of their tall head coverings, Cossacks with astrakhan bands about their close caps, Turks in their fez, women in brilliant yellow dresses, with purple handkerchiefs on their heads, workmen in red blouses, generally with waistcoats worn over them which come but a short way down the length; Englishmen in silk hats, soldiers in white blouses, officers in long pale gray coats—no one of them surprises any of the rest.

Feast days occur very often in the Russian calendar, so there are frequent opportunities for rest among the people, though men may work on such days if they choose, receiving double wages. On one such occasion I saw bricks being carried up to a building in process of construction a little way above and back from the street. A narrow footpath had been made, doubling on itself and winding upward to the place where the bricks were to be deposited until needed. Small wheelbarrows, very flat at the top, and in which but few bricks could be carried, were the vehicles of this transportation, and it looked to an American singularly antiquated to see the ineffectual little objects endlessly filing past him.

The wages of men doing work of this kind is very small, less than 50 cents a day in our money, my guide told me, but their usual food is black bread and cabbage, with a liquor made from sour bread, except on Sundays and holidays, when their fare is somewhat better. Their digestion,

ket from it as she gave it to him. He gently immersed it three times, sparing its small dark face and head, over which he passed water three times by taking up a little in his hand.

The god-mother and god-father in every case stood by, each holding a candle, one a girl of perhaps 8 years being the very prettiest child I had seen in a long time. She can never even if she should wish it, marry the shy boy whose candle flared beside hers that day. The Greek church does not allow two who have stood together in that relation toward any child ever to be husband and wife.

The church pervades all life in St. Petersburg. It is not only to be found in the vast Cathedral of St. Isaac, where I stood at dusk among the throng on a Saturday evening, when the Russian Sunday begins, and heard the voices of the choir I could not see roll, unaccompanied by any instrument, around the spaces over-

head, while now and then figures standing beside me dropped upon their knees and bent their foreheads to the floor, not all together at any time, but evidently when each felt moved to do so.

The universality of the church is made more prominent still in the streets, where even in the busiest business centers a little niche in a wall with its picture of the Madonna and child reminds the hurrying crowd not to forget what St. Isaac's had enforced. Every man and boy lifts his hat as he passes the place, the officer in his uniform, the horse-car driver, the bicycle rider, the newsboy, not one omits the act, and all the women cross themselves.

In every Russian house, no matter how poor, a picture of Mother and Child is hung in the "sacred corner" of each room, that spot upon which the eye of him who enters shall first rest. In the churches the congregations stand, except a few feeble folk who literally go to the wall—whence the expression—where there are usually some seats. Rich and poor stand side by side, and follow one another in kissing the sacred pictures on the walls after service is over.

From the Czar to his meanest subject the church is one of the chief elements in their daily lives. The splendor of colors in the Greek church, its wealth of jewels and of vestments in silver and gold is beyond all words.

In the Alexander Palace and galleries, in the Hermitage, where the treasures are beyond price, into the Winter Palace of the Emperor, even into the bedroom and library from which Alexander II., who freed the serfs, went out to his death by that second bomb thrown at him as he knelt with the head of the dying Cos-



Typical Russian Church.

however, appears to be excellent, for as they walk along the street I have often seen men and women eating as a fruit, and with evident relish, cucumbers, skin and all. When I asked if it did not make them ill to do so I was told, with a pitying smile, "Certainly not. Why should it?"

One day I saw several infants baptized in the church, none of them over five days old. Warm water was poured into the font and the priest took the child from the woman who had brought it and who slipped the blan-

sack on his arm, who had been struck by the first and whom the Czar had refused to leave to save himself, through the halls where articles of historic interest, impossible to replace, lie within the reach of every one, often quite outside of cases, everywhere the Czar's poorest subjects walk as often as they will, with no money to pay; and in St. Isaac's Cathedral the guide pointed to the place in the pavement where the Emperor and Empress stand at the service among the people.

TREES WERE WELL NAMED.

Called "Royal" Palms Because of Their Uselessness.

Prof. Martin G. Brumbaugh, ex-commissioner of education in Porto Rico, is a democrat of the democrats, and therefore delights in this story:

"About a week after I arrived in Porto Rico," said he, "I took a trip along the beautiful military road from San Juan into the interior of the island. The tropical vegetation was luxuriant and my attention was drawn most particularly to some tall trees with slender stems and flowering stalks that grew along the road in the greatest profusion.

"What kind of trees are these?" I asked an army man who accompanied me.

"Those are royal palms."

"And why do you call them royal palms?"

"Well, you see, all the rest of the trees down here are good for something, but as these just stand around and look pretty, and are otherwise absolutely useless, the title 'royal' seems to fit 'em exactly.'"—New York Times.

The Original Skeptic.

"Jonah," said his wife, "you've been away three days and three nights. Give an account of yourself. Where have you been?"

"I've been on a whaling trip," said Jonah.

"Don't tell me any fish stories. I want the truth—the bitter truth," his wife said sternly.

"That's right, my dear. I was swallowed by a whale, and just have been released after serving a three days' sentence."

"I don't believe any such nonsense. Why should a whale swallow you? You don't look good enough to eat."

"I can't help that; it's a fact. If you had only been on hand with your X-rays you could have seen me in that fishy prison."

"Jonah, you weren't swallowed by a whale. You've been out swallowing things yourself, and you know it. That will do. No more lies, please."

And then Jonah stopped talking, because he knew that Mrs. J. wouldn't believe his tale, even if she afterward read it in the Bible.

He Knew They'd Fit.

"A friend of mine down south," said Congressman John Sharp Williams, "indulged in the luxury of a negro valet, or body servant, as we call them. This friend, in a riot of extravagance, one day bought a pair of loud-checked trousers. His valet envied them and wanted them. They did not seem to be coming his way fast enough and he threw some grease on them.

"Charley," said my friend, "take these trousers and clean them. There's a grease spot on them."

"Charley took the trousers, didn't do a thing to them, and brought them back in half a day. 'Deed, boss,' he said, 'I can't get that grease out.'

"Did you scrub them well?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did you try a hot iron and a piece of brown paper?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did you try ammonia?"

"No, sah. I ain't done tried 'em on me yet, but I knows they'll fit me."

Immense California Grapevine.

The largest grapevine in the world is growing in the Carpinteria Valley, twelve miles east of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is called La Para Grande. It was started from a cutting six one years ago by a Spanish woman, Dona Ayala. It is eight feet four inches in circumference at its base, and one of the horizontal branches measures more than three feet in circumference. The trellis covers about a third of an acre and sixty heavy posts support it. The vine produces as many as 5,000 bunches annually at a conservative estimate, and in good years many clusters measure twelve to fifteen inches in length and weigh six to eight pounds. Its owner estimates that in 1895 the vine yielded ten tons of grapes.

Navies of the World.

Of vessels, battleships, cruisers and scouts of over 1,000 tons, now in commission in the world's navies, Great Britain has 201, aggregating 1,516,000 tons displacement; France, 96, aggregating 576,000 tons displacement; Germany, 73, aggregating 388,000 tons; Russia 43, aggregating 315,000 tons; United States 35, aggregating 295,000 tons; Italy, 38, aggregating 295,000 tons; Japan 31, aggregating 206,000 tons. But, if the naval vessels now in course of building in the world's shipyards were completed, the tonnage of the United States would be more than doubled, and she would occupy third place instead of fifth, with France still second, and with England's power only three times as great as ours.

Caught.

A little while I said I'd stay.
When on that frosty winter day
She asked me in, all fancy free,
I felt she'd set her cap at me,
But who avoids love's potent away?

We sat before the embers' ray
And talked, while hours passed away;
And, passing, only seemed to be
A little while.

'Twas thus she lured me on to say
The fateful words, "Regret them?"
Nay,
A maid must charm, you'll all agree;
And so 'tis only right that she
Should practice in her woman's way
A little while.

The Czar as a Composer.

It has long been known that the czar possessed a very pretty musical gift, and his majesty has recently essayed his power as a composer of music to his own verses. In these verses the predominant note is one of religion. They extol the glories of the Orthodox church and its saints, and exalt the virtue of Christian self-sacrifice and renunciation of worldly goods and prosperity.

CHARM OF FLORENCE

NATURE AND ART COMBINE IN SPLENDID BEAUTY.

Italian City Teems With Masterpieces of Architects, Sculptors and Painters—Genius of Michael Angelo More Than Any Other Man Is in Evidence.

(Special Correspondence.)

The charms of Florence in the eyes of the stranger, and of those of the sojourner in Italy, are without end. A recent writer trying to describe what rendered Florence supreme in the line of beauty as compared with other places, says: "It is that in it you can entwine your thoughts with art in gal-



Old Well and Monks.

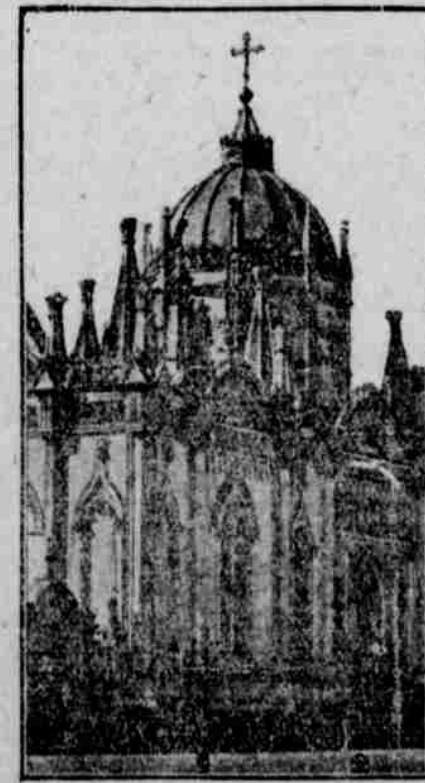
leries rather than with nature in the fields." And what renders it so worthy of praise is that nature and art, God's works and man's, the past and the present, are here together, all within sight, nay, within touch. Such are the motives that lead one who, knowing Florence well, admires it above other cities. In the very midst of the busiest street in the city, which is, I suppose, the Via Calzaioli—"the stocking makers' street"—where the crowds press both ways, from the Duomo to the Signoria, and from the Signoria to the Duomo, you have but to look beyond the end of the street toward the Duomo to see the high and distant Miesole, white and shining against the vines and trees that clothe the hill to the very summit.

Nature in all its charm and rich suggestions of exquisite landscape, and rare views over fertile plains, and rich harvests and vineyards, now that the golden wine month witnesses the bringing in of the grapes, lies before the eye of the spectator. At his side, rubbed up against by the people coming and going, is one of the grandest combinations of the architectural and sculptural arts to be met with in this land of art, the quaint formed church of San Michele.

Here also, at the corner of this street and the Cathedral square, one of the prettiest and tiniest bits of early Florentine architecture—the Loggia del Belfrillo—gladdens the eyes. Andrea Orcagna, the architect and painter, was the builder of it, and here it stands, ever against the Baptistery and opposite Giotto's Tower, and the marble wonder of the Duomo, and still it is not out of place—rather its exquisite charm is rendered more conspicuous by their vicinity.

Turning to the other side of the city the eye rests with pleasure on the hill of San Miniato, with its cypresses around it, suggestive of the graves within its walls. Looking south from Lung Arno, the eye is gratified by the noble marble facade of the Church of San Miniato, with its windows of flaming alabaster. The fortresslike building beside it takes the mind back to a troublous time in the story of Florence, when this height was considered a point of vantage, and where Michael Angelo designed and labored at the fortifications raised upon it, and which were deemed necessary for the protection of the city on this side.

You come across the memory of this man "of four souls," as he has been described, from the fact that he was painter, poet, architect and sculptor in several parts of the city, but



Cathedral Tower.

nowhere are you brought into such close relationship or such near and touching association, as in his house in the Via Ghibellina.

Above the arched entrance the sign of the master is seen—a bronze bust of him inserted in a circular niche. A

tiny courtyard within contains fragments of sculpture arranged around its walls, and in front of you, as you enter, a large eagle with outspread wings, carved in "pietra serena," that grayish-brown stone so common in Florence, is seen on the wall, and above it the glorious and proud lines from Dante, "Who above the others, like an eagle soars!"

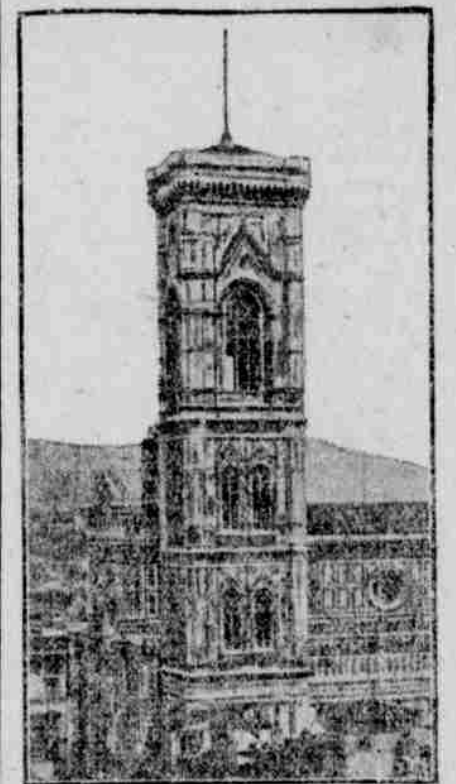
It is in one of the Fra Vincenzo Marchese's works that the statement is made that the Dominican church of Santa Maria Novella was also used as a place in which Dante's "Divina Commedia" was expounded in the ages called dark. Dante, like Michael Angelo, is all over the place. This church of the Badia shares with the Baptistery and San Miniato the distinction of being the only Florentine churches mentioned by Dante. On the ground, near the "Gates of Paradise" of the Baptistery, a marble slab has recently been inserted bearing Dante's simple descriptive phrase concerning this church: "Il mio bel San Giovanni." On the facade of the Badia the marble slab bearing the verses in which he refers to it is inserted.

When you turn away from the memorials of Dante that meet you so frequently, your wandering eyes can scarcely help resting on some lovely work of painting or sculpture, or that glazed terra cotta associated with the names of the Della Robbia.

Above one of the entrances to the hospital or refuge of the founding children—innocents, they kindly term them here—is a particularly beautiful Annunciation, the work of Andrea della Robbia.

And many such works are to be met with in Florence. Every visitor to this city has seen the medallions that form so conspicuous a feature in the "Innocenti," each with its little white swaddled baby on a blue background looking out so wistfully at you as if inviting your compassion and charity.

Everywhere you wander in and about this city of great names and noble art, something grand appeals to you. In the cemetery of non-Catholics, an inclosed space high above the surrounding roads, names that have left profound memory in the minds of English speaking people, speak to you from the monuments of the dead. Perhaps the most renowned of all is that expressed by the initials E. B. B. on a great renaissance sarcophagus supported on six squat Corinthian pillars.



Campanile.

The letters mentioned, and the date, 1861, tell the present generation that here lie the remains of the greatest poetess of the nineteenth century, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

And the memory of another notably intellectual woman employing the English language as her vehicle of expression comes to you as you look from the arches on the old bridge of Florence down to the river below and to the banks on the left side. This is George Eliot, whose tale of "Romola," with its scenes laid in Florence and its immediate vicinity, has almost assumed in the mind of readers the dignity of history; and the places mentioned in it are visited by those who have read it before or after coming here, as if they had been made memorable by the deeds of real living beings.

Here at the left of the bridge, with its quaint house—a survival, with that of the Rialto at Venice, of this old habit of inhabited bridges—is the spot where the body of the half-dead Tito Melema was cast up, and where his abandoned father found him.

A Railroad Beauty.

A railroad company that spends large sums in illustrated advertising has in its employ, on the regular salary list, one of the daintiest, sweetest, loveliest divinities ever seen. Her duty is to look pretty in front of a camera, habited in fine feathers and possessed of the grand air. All the traveling and most of the stay-at-home world know her from her pictures. A little while ago she sat in a box in a New Haven theater and was quickly recognized by the audience, who temporarily stopped the play to give her long, loud and continued applause. The other day she wrote to the company: "I need a new white dress for next summer; indeed, a complete outfit, if I am to look presentable." "What does this 'complete outfit' cost?" the general passenger agent asked his publicity man. "Oh, about \$350," replied Sir Publicity. "Holy Jupiter, \$350! My wife can't afford to wear such clothes, but—but I suppose Miss — must have 'em. Tell her to go ahead and send in the bill."—New York Press.